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in the port, on a year to the  
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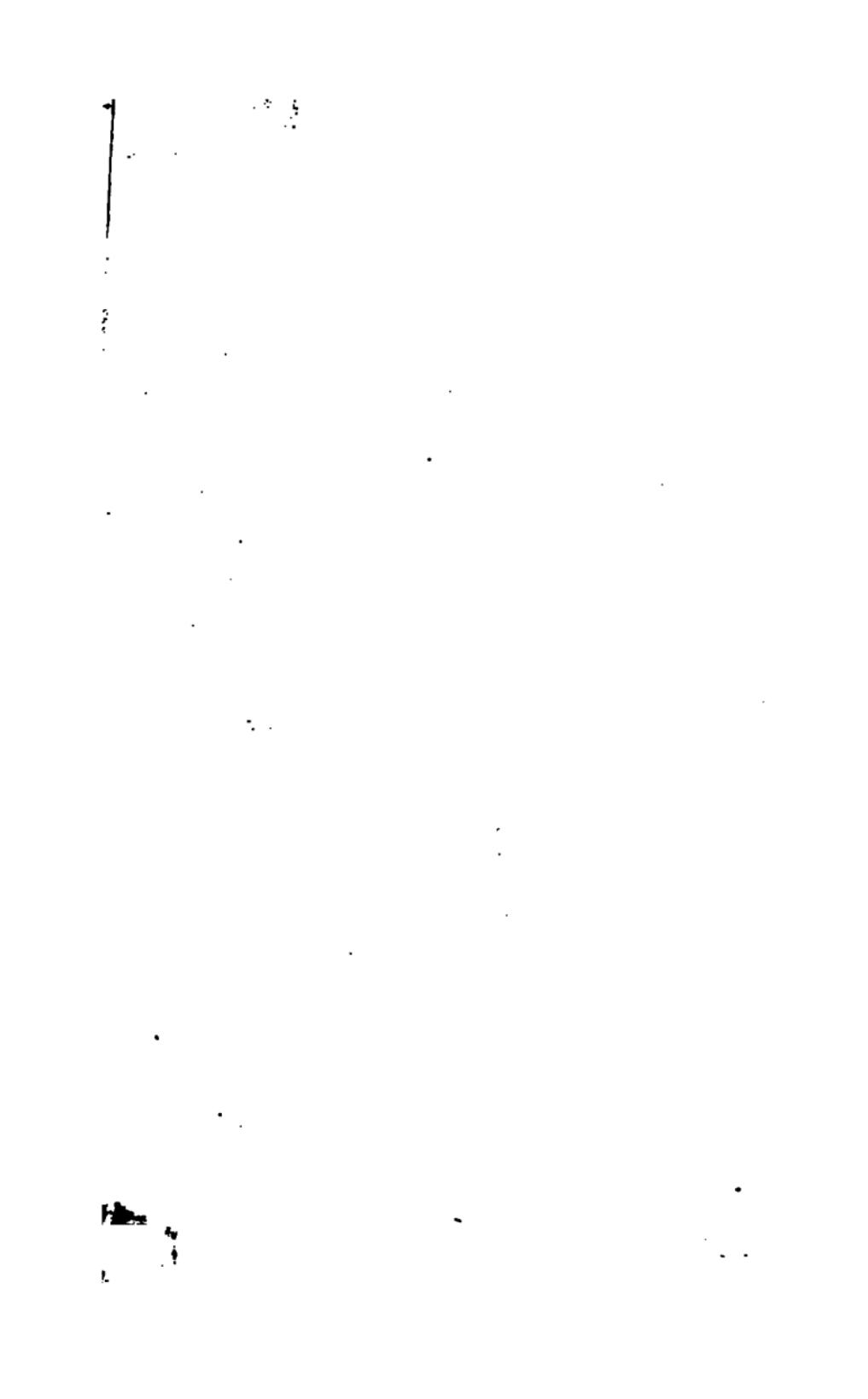
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# M E M O I R S

O F T H E

## Chevalier PIERPOINT.

VOLUME the SECOND.



L O N D O N:

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## MEMOIRS

OF THE

## Chevalier PIERPOINT.



## C H A P. XV.

**A**S soon as we were up we met in a long open gallery, supported by pillars of porphery, whence the eye had a pleasing variety of objects both from the sea and the country. The unknown young lady did not yet appear, but the person

who brought her to land, having got his own apparel dry, had dressed himself and came to us. He was habited in a short saffron-coloured coat, bound close to his body, with gold laces or cords, but the whole much damaged and tarnished by the sea. He seemed about thirty years of age, was well shaped, and, in a word, an agreeable figure. But how great was the surprise, when the countess, who had not taken notice of him before, having been engaged about the lady, now looking on him, knew him for her brother Cœurleon, captain in the Spanish king's guards. He also presently knew his sister

Melefinda, and they ran into each other's arms with the most inexpressible tenderness and joy. After having renewed their affectionate embraces several times, Melefinda presented her brother to me and the Villadorian: The philosopher Swenitz had soon recollected his features, though his complexion had contracted much of the Spanish swarthiness. We all congratulated him on his late escape, and requested to know by what adventure he was brought to that condition, and who the young lady was he had with him. He made no delay to satisfy us, and having seated himself

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near Melefinda, he began in the  
following manner ;

The young lady, whom you have here, is the daughter of Don Pedro d'Osuna, an old nobleman of Algarva, in Portugal, who is very rich, and takes delight in nothing but his riches. It happened that Don Silvio de Monteleone, the younger son of a decayed family in that kingdom, having seen this young lady at a grand festival, fell in love with her. He is a young officer in the Spanish guards, of excellent parts, and endowed with great virtue and honour. He was in the twentieth year of his age, when he became acquainted with

with Saphrina's charms, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As old Monteleone lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, Don Silvio took all opportunities of leaving Madrid and returning home ; by which means he had frequent opportunities of seeing Saphrina. By the advantages of a good person, a pleasing conversation, and the help of an old Duenna, he made such an impression in Saphrina's heart, as nothing could be stronger. He himself was no less smitten with Saphrina. Frequent interviews managed by the Duenna, whom he had richly bribed, and opportunities

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of seeing her when he went with his father to visit Don Pedro d'Osuna, made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which occasioned this unfortunate adventure. It happened that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Don Silvio de Monteleone and Saphrina, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, about the colour of their shoe-knots; Don Pedro d'Osuna insisting upon it that orange-colour ribbons, which his family always wore, were handsomer and of more antient date than cinnamon : Old

Mon-

Monteleone asserting the contrary. The father of Saphrina was so incensed at the father of Don Silvio, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards the son, insomuch that he forbad him his house, and charged Saphrina, upon her duty, never to see him more. In the meantime to break off all communication between them, for he began to suspect that young Monteleone had entertained secret hopes of marrying Saphrina, he found out a man of good fortune, good understanding, but no very engaging person, whom he pitched upon as an husband for his daughter; this was the marquis

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of Coimbra. The marquis is a little man, very round shouldered, long visaged, but very pleasant in conversation, and always richly dressed, in order, as he says, to set his person off to the best advantage. He is of such a good-humoured disposition that persons of all tempers, the grave, the merry, the melancholy, shew a new chearfulness when he comes amongst them. Old d'Ofuna soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Saphrina it was his design to marry her to this nobleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on a certain appointed day. Saphrina, who seemed overwhelmed with

with the authority of her father, as unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which old d'Osuna, commended in her as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an Overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Don Silvio, who was confined by his duty at Medina Sidonia, where the King then was. After a long tumult of passions, which naturally arise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, he writ the following letter to Saphrina.

The

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“ The thought of my Saphrina, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The gardens, places of public entertainment, even the sacred temples, where we have so often conversed together, throw a melancholly over my mind. Life itself is become a burden. I know the Marquis of Coimbra is a man of good-nature and honour. May you long be happy with him, but forget that there was ever such a person as

Silvio de Monteleone.”



I undertook to deliver this letter for my friend, to Saphrina; who fainted away at the reading of it. I then went to the Marquis of Coimbra, with whom I was acquainted, and opened the whole affair to him. He heard it with some serious thoughtfulness at first, but soon resuming his usual pleasantness, Cœurleon, said he, be in no trouble about your friend, I will do him no injury. Mean time Saphrina accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and considered the Marquis of Coimbra as one who had ruined the happiness of her lover. She had

never

never seen the Marquis, but he was already become her aversion. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of Don d'Osuna's displeasure rather than marry the Marquis of Coimbra. Old d'Osuna in a short time brought him to her, and left him alone to make his addresses, which he began in this manner. Fair Saphrina, your father d'Osuna has proposed you to me for a wife; and I think you very beautiful. My person is none of the most pleasing, but I hope to make you a kind husband—Do you think you can be happy with me; speak your mind freely; I have riches equal to

your

your own, and I have rank. At this some beauteous tears fell from the eyes of Saphrina, and she thus answered; My Lord, I have no objection to you; I am certain of your being both good-natured, and filled with honourable sentiments; but to be ingenuous with you, I am resolved never to marry any one but a gentleman named Don Silvio de Monteleone. With that she told him what had passed between them, and produced Monteleone's letter. The gallant Coimbra took it, and having read it, assured Saphrina, that he would not be the occasion of separating two lovers, and that he would

immediately break with her father. Saphrina fell on her knees, and thanked him for his generous proceeding. Accordingly he went and told d'Osuna, that his daughter had declared to him that she would never marry any but young Monteleone, and that he would think no more of her. Old d'Osuna fell into a great passion, and said, that since she refused to give her hand to the Marquis of Coimbra, she should give it to no body, and that he would send her out of hand to the monastery of Olivenza. The Marquis having informed me of what had happened, and of d'Osuna's resolution,

solution, which it was more than probable he would put in execution, because by that means he would preserve a considerable sum of money which he must have given for a dower, I immediately dispatched a letter to Medina Sidonia, where young Monteleone then was; but the Duenna came to my lodgings that evening, and told me old d'Osuna was so incensed at his daughter's refusal of the Marquis of Coimbra, that he had ordered his equipage to be ready next day to convey her to Olivenza. I thought then there was no time to be lost, and promised the Duenna mountains of gold.

gold if she would assist me in carrying off Saphrina, and delivering her up to young Monteleone. The liking she had to him, and the power of my gold, which I made glitter in her eyes, so persuaded her, that she agreed to every thing I proposed. I promised that next day I would meet Saphrina on the Road to Olienza, and desired her to inform her mistress of what I intended.

The next day they set out, and according to agreement I waited for the equipage at a small house near a little wood, where I knew the coachman would stop to bait his mules. Saphrina and the Duenna were

were conducted into a lower chamber, where they ordered dinner to be got ready in an hour. Mean time the Duenna, who saw me walking under some trees before the house, came privately out to me. I desired her to lose no time, but to take Saphrina, under pretence of breathing a little fresh air, into the wood, and walk along the alley that led from the road; but to be sure not to give any signs that she knew me. She went into the house, and soon after I saw Saphrina and her come out and go into the little wood. I had posted two trusty Andalusians, whom I had hired for the purpose,

at the corner of the wood, with orders to take Saphrina and the Duenpa up behind them, and make the best haste they could to Ayamonte at the mouth of the Guadiana. In the mean time dinner being ready, enquiry was made for the Ladies, but to no purpose; they were not to be found. The equipage waited till evening, and then returned the way it came. I immediately set out, and taking the road I knew Saphrina was gone, overtook her at a little place not far from Ayamonte. I desired her to stop there, while I went to Ayamonte and hired a vessel to carry her to Cadiz, from whence

whence we would go by land to Medina Sidonia, where she would find Monteleone. I told her I had chosen to take her by sea, lest we should have been overtaken by land, had we been pursued. She consented to be wholly directed by me; and the hopes of seeing her lover, made her forget all fatigue. In the mean time, I sent a letter by one of my Andalusians, to the Marquis of Coimbra, to inform him of what I had done. I dispatched the other away with the Duenna, ordering him to get as soon as he could into the road to Medina, to the end that the Duenna might stop Don

Silvio, should she meet him on the road, for I imagined he would set out upon receipt of a letter I had wrote to him ; and it fell out just as I had thought.

I embarked with Saphrina in a small vessel, but where there was two good rooms richly furnished, and set sail that night from Ayamonte. We had the finest weather imaginable till we arrived off the mouth of the Guadalquivir. There the wind shifted against us, and the master of the galley ordered his men, four only in number, to cast anchor. We lay by for two days, during which time I treated the

sailors

failors with some wines and cordial liquors I had sent aboard. But the master of the vessel was not content with this, he had cast his eye upon the excellent beauty of Saphrina, and had framed in his mind the greatest villainy that could be imagined. The wind was come about favourable; but instead of continuing our voyage, we lay where we were two days longer. I began to grow uneasy, and asked the master of the Tartan the reason, as the wind seemed to me favourable. He answered bluntly, that with that wind he could not make the port we were going to. In one sense,

indeed, he said true ; for that evening one of his men came to me, and told me privately, that he knew me very well ; that I was an officer in the king of Spain's guards ; that my name was Cœurleon ; that he was a deserter from my company, and that if I would promise to procure him a pardon, and admit him into my service, he would reveal a thing to me of the greatest importance. After looking attentively on him, I recollect ed his face ; and promised I would do all he desired of me. Then he told me, that the master of the Tartan had proposed to him and the other three, to take what

what jewels and money Saphrina and I had with us, and to carry us to Arzilla, a port town of the kingdom of Morocco, and there dispose of us to the best bidder ; not doubting but the beauty of Saphrina would bring them a considerable sum. He added, that they had all agreed to the master's proposal ; that he had seemingly entered into it, lest if he had been of another sentiment, they should have flung him over-board. This piece of advice threw me into the greatest perplexity and solicitude ; less for myself than for my beautiful charge. The Arragonian seeing my trouble in my counte-

nance said, that he had thought of a way how to escape from the Tartan ; but that it would require resolution and courage. I bade him say on, for I was ready to attempt any thing. He strait left me, saying, that he must not be seen in conference with me. I observed him the rest of that evening very busy about an old mast that lay along the side of the ship. After he had done with it, he began to sing and call on his comrades to make merry with my wines and rich liquors ; and, without more ceremony, with an hatchet broke open the chest. The master of the Tartan joined them ; and they

they all drank about so plentifully, that they now began a roaring, singing, and making an horrible noise. I saw my Arragonian ply them frequently with the bottle; but he took care to keep himself sober. After spending the best part of the night in riot, they all went to rest, and fell into a profound sleep, leaving the Arragonian to watch the ship. As soon as he found all quiet, he came to me and told me what he had done: How he had fitted an old mast in such a manner that Saphrina might be seated and fastened upon it; that he would immediately cut the cable, set the Tartan on fire,

and

and run her aground within half a mile of the shore, which we might reach without much difficulty, by swimming and wading ; and push the mast and Donna Saphrina before us to the land. I objected to his setting the ship on fire ; but he made answer, that the villains deserved no better at my hands ; and added, that they would burn like matches, having drank so much citron-waters and other liquors. I then went to Saphrina and gave her an account of every thing ; and was astonished at the courage she shewed in such an emergency. Mean time the Arragonian did as he had said ;

he

he cut the cable, and run the ship aground; then set her on fire: This done, we slid the mast off the side of the ship, with Saphrina upon it; and we both took the sea after it to push it to land. When we had got about two hundred yards from the vessel, which we saw beginning to burn violently in one part, I recollected how in the hurry we had forgot a little casket of valuable jewels, and a large bag of gold ducats, which were left in the cabin: I spoke of them to the Arragonian, who said, he would return back to the ship and fetch them. Without staying to hear what I would

would say, he left Donna Saphrina to my care ; and after that I saw no more of them.—Here Cœurleon made an end ; and the Villadorian, and all of us, joined in admiring his generous friendship for Monteleone, and commending all he had done ; then the sage Villadorian immediately dispatched some people in search of the Arragonian ; and Donna Saphrina now appeared, being led in by the Countess, who after her brother had finished his relation, had gone to visit her. Donna Saphrina having returned thanks to the Villadorian and the rest of the company for the care  
that

that had been taken of her, entreated that she might be furnished with mules and a chaise, in order to proceed to Medina as soon as possible. While they were getting ready, the Arragonian, who had been found, came in with the casket and doublets; and gave the following account of himself: That upon his return to the ship, he had found them all drunk, and asleep; that having got the casket, he fastened it to a string and bound it to his arm, and the bag of gold ducats about his middle; that thus equipped, he took the sea once more, but not being able to overtake Cœur-

leon,

leon, he had landed in a different place amongst some small rocks— that he waited there till the sun rose, and then took along the shore, in order to find the mast at least, if he could not discover Cœurleon and Donna Saphrina; that at length he happened to meet with a man who told him where they were. The honesty and boldness of the Arragonian were not without due praises; and Cœurleon gave him, as an earnest of his friendship, an handful of pistoles. After this the Countess offered to attend Donna Saphrina to Medina—but philosopher Swenitz observed, that though d'Osuna had

no right to force his daughter's inclination, or to shut her up in a monastery against her will, that being the most execrable of all barbarities a parent can commit, yet as we were strangers in Spain, it would be most advisable for us not to be seen in an affair of this nature, and that it would be best to leave it to Cœurleon, Monteleone, and Saphrina themselves, to finish what they had begun. The Villadonian and I approved of his advice, and Cœurleon departed with Saphrina for Medina, promising to join us at Seville.

We stayed only till next day with the Villadonian; and during that space,

space, for the entertainment of the Countess, he explained to her the nature of light: He demonstrated to her by the prism, that light is a composition of coloured rays, which, being united, form white colour. He divided a single ray into seven, which all fell upon a piece of fine white paper, in their order one above the other, and at unequal distances. The first was red, the second orange, the third yellow, the fourth green, the fifth blue, the sixth indigo, the seventh a violet-purple. He assured her, that each of these rays, transmitted afterwards by an hundred other prisms, would never change

its

its colour ; in like manner as gold, when compleatly purified from its dross, will never change afterwards in the crucible. As a superabundant proof that each of these elementary rays has inherently in itself that which forms its colour to the eye, he took a small piece of yellow wood, and set it in the ray of a red colour, and the wood was instantly tinged red ; then he set it in the ray of a green colour, and it assumed a green colour ; and so of all the rest. This plainly proves, said the philosopher, that light and colours are more than ideas in the mind, and are qualities

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existing in matter. The different  
rays of light are as the several pen-  
cils, with which the great Theon-  
doron paints and adorns all things.

The world's gay colours that delight  
our eyes,

Are but light's sev'ral liveries ;  
Light the rich dye on them bestows,  
Painting the beauteous landskip as it  
goes.

A crimson in the rose it wears,  
A crown of studded gold it bears,  
The virgin lillies in their white,  
Are clad with the united rays of light.

Take

Take away this beautiful colouring, how rough and unsightly would nature appear ! But though this material light be beautiful in itself, and so finely paints and beautifies objects to our eyes, what is it when compared with that light which is an emanation from the great Theondoron, to enlighten, exalt, and adorn minds ?

Thus did the sage charm us with his doctrines, unveiling new worlds to us, and instructing us in the sublime sciences. We took leave of him the next day with reluctance. He conducted us through a long

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grotto, that led up towards the road we were to take, and where our horses and sumpter-mules were ordered to wait for us.



CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

WE had hardly gone above two leagues before we met a post, all black with dust and riding in great haste. He stopped when he came up to us, and desired to know, if we had seen a young gentleman on that road, dressed in white velvet, with a short cloak of black fatten, a black fatten hat, bordered with a gold point d'Espagne. We answered no; and he immediately rode off.

About noon we arrived at a small valley, that was watered with divers springs, and through the middle of

which ran an alley of high trees, that afforded a pleasant shade. There we all agreed to rest ourselves and the mules, and take some refreshment. We lighted, and our servants set before us on a carpet the provisions we had on our Sumpter-mules, with some Lucena, and other excellent wines, with which the Villadorian philosopher had supplied us. The Countess having taken a little refreshment and a glass of Lucena, and the philosopher Swenitz and I having eaten heartily of some cold partridges of an excellent flavour, and drank as plentifully,

tifully, we arose up and took a walk along the plantation, expecting to find some house to which it belonged. We were not disappointed, for at the end of it, stood a temple that had five fronts. The chief front-piece appeared in perspective between two rows of trees of an extraordinary height, which made a long walk, that terminated on the banks of a lucent river. This front was adorned and beautified with several statues, and particularly with two columns of red granite, upon each of which was a gilt star. The gates were of cedar, to which you

ascended by five or six steps of white marble. We entered into the temple, which we found open. The floor was of white marble, and the walls were adorned with sacred paintings. The ascent to the altar was enclosed with a balustrade of gilt brass. While we were examining the several ornaments, there entered the temple a man of a graceful appearance clad in a long, blue silk garment, which was buttoned with a great number of brilliant stones, like rubies. His aspect was awful, and full of a pleasing serenity. He came up to us, and accosting

costing us with civility, asked us when we had visited the temple, if we would not take a repast with him in his habitation. We answered we had just made use of some provisions we brought along with us, but that we should with pleasure attend him, where he would conduct us. He immediately led us through a by-way to an hill, on the side of which was his habitation; it was a small building, but so set about with variety of trees, it seemed a most amiable solitude: from the side of the hill flowed a little spring, which formed a rivulet below, whose

whose sweet murmurs, united with the musick of the birds, composed delightful harmony. We were much taken with this sweet retreat; and were introduced into the several parts of it. Armelio (for that was his name) then besought us to sit down, and placed before us dried fruits of all sorts, with some muscadine; while with a pleasant countenance he told us, that he never suffered any strangers to depart without their first having tasted something of what his solitude could afford. He then politely enquired of our travels, and whether we de-  
signed

signed to make any stay in Spain, mentioning several places worth our seeing there. To all which demands the Countess answered, still giving him the title of your Eminence, for she took him by his dress to be a cardinal, or at least an archbishop. Armelio smiled and said, I perceive, fair Countess, that my dress has deceived you, and you take me for a cardinal, but I assure you, I am a lay-man. This habit I wear at the request of the Princess of Popoli; who not being able to obtain a cardinalate for me, took a fancy that I should equal a cardinal

dinal in my dress, and wear this blue silk garment adorned, as you see, with buttons of rubies. Likewise this golden chain which I have about my neck was given me by her, to which is hung this piece of rich enamel, where a youth is represented sitting under a tree, and the Prince of Popoli on horseback talking with him. We began now to think this some very extraordinary personage; and the Countess said, Signor! if you have no particular reason for concealing the history of these things from us, you will greatly oblige us by telling it. For you

you seem certainly not always to have resided in this retreat, but rather to have frequented the courts of Princes. Armelio, being willing to oblige us, and to publish the obligations he had to his benefactress made no delay to satisfy the Countess's curiosity, and gave us the history of his life, which he related in the following manner.

Though the family from which I am descended be one of the ancientest in Spain, nevertheless by the vicissitude of human things our branch of it fell into great poverty. My father lived near this place upon the

the banks of this river, and cultivated his little paternal farm himself. He bred me up to relish the pleasures of a country life, to make agriculture, the cultivation of the vineyard, and reading, my sweetest occupation. The Prince of Popoli one day as he was making a tour through the country, perceived me under the shade of a tree, where I was reading Herballone's treatise of simples. I was then but sixteen years of age; my youth and something in my air drew the Prince's attention. He came up to me, and asked my name, my condition, and what

what I was reading: being pleased with my answers, and finding something that agreeably struck his fancy in my countenance and person, he turned to one who was with him and said, I see plainly that nature is no less pleasing in the lowest, than it is in the highest state of life. I am charmed with this lad that here cultivates a vineyard, and am determined to have him at my court. Having so said, he ordered me to conduct him to my father. When he came near our rural habitation, my father was sitting before his door, looking on a company of young

young men and maidens who were dancing on a green shaded with some trees, for it happened to be the festival of Santa Agnes. The Prince looked upon them with delight, being pleased to see their rural pastime and diversions. Then he alighted, and making himself known to my father, entered into his cottage. He sate down and would dine with him; and being very hungry, by reason of his long ride that morning, made a good repast on an indifferent Olla podrida. At laſt he opened his mind to my father — The reason of my coming to

to see you, said the Prince, is that I am determined to have this son of yours. I have taken a fancy to him. He appears to me ingenuous and sensible, and to have an inclination to science. Let me but have him away with me, I will take care to give him a good education near me. My father was overjoyed at the Prince's offer, and readily accepted a proposal that was so advantageous for me; and I went away that evening with the Prince.

When we came to his palace, he ordered me a handsome apartment; and thence forward procured me all

proper instructions in the Sciences that adorn the mind, and particularly favoured my turn to Botany. I made so great a progress in that Science, that the Prince made me Physician to his household, with a yearly salary of two thousand ducats. I went from time to time to see my father, and visited with pleasure the tree and vineyard where the Prince had found me. I maintained my father in an elegant rural manner, - who died in a few years, and to his memory I erected at my own expence that temple you have seen, where

where he is buried under the gilt  
balluster before the altar.

My prosperous condition did not last long after this. One Don Pedro de Mendoza, whose fortune I had made, in order to raise himself upon my ruins, accused me to the Prince of carrying on an intrigue with the Marchioness of Alcuna, a young widow and the Prince's eldest daughter. The Prince would not believe it at first, but Mendoza offered to give him an opportunity of seeing us together. This man who was master of the horse to the

Prince, had himself an intrigue with the Marchioness's woman, and she used to admit him into her apartment, by opening a glass door that went into a balcony over a solitary part of the palace. Mendoza entreated Donna Elvira, (for that was his Princess's name) to dress herself only for one evening in the Marchioness's richest apparel, and receive him at the usual place of assignation, telling her that it would give a more romantic turn to their amour when she should appear with the coronet of a Princess, and he like some grandee her gallant. Don-

na Elvira consented to gratify his fancy, being quite ignorant of his base intention. The old Prince of Popoli was at this time much afflicted with the gout, and Mendoza chose that season as most fit for his purpose. He wheeled the Prince out, in a chair, from the low apartment where he resided, into the garden, and placed him, at some distance from the balcony, in a situation from whence he could unseen discern what passed. This done he left the Prince, telling him that he would go, and take care no

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body should come into his apart-  
ments.

The prince had not been a long time in this position, when he saw a man come softly under the balcony with a large plume of black feathers in his beaver. He seemed of my size, and besides the black feather, he wore also, like me, a blue ribbon upon his right arm, which the Princess of Popoli had given me for having defended her Person against some soldiers of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt at the taking of Barcelona. This personage leaped up into the balcony, which was not very

very high, where Donna Elvira, who by her dress perfectly resembled the Marchioness, received him with open arms: And presently the Prince saw no more of them—In a few moments afterwards, Mendoza returned to the Prince ; and asking him if he had seen the Marchioness and me, the Prince replied, it was all too true that he had seen her and me in the balcony ; but that for the honour of his family, he must not make known any thing of this affair ; that he knew, moreover, the young Marchioness to be of so delicate a frame, that the discovery of

such a dishonourable intrigue would certainly kill her, and therefore he would take no notice of it to her ; but that, as to me, he would take such measures I should be no more heard of. Mendoza commended his paternal affection and discretion, and asked what he intended to do with me ; adding, that he might command him in any thing. The Prince replied, that he had the direction of some mines in the mountains of Estremadura, where he would confine me for life ; and concluded with saying, that he was not willing to put me to death, as he owed me some

some obligations. Mendoza soon after undertook to put the Prince's design in execution. Himself, with four ruffians armed with Carabines, but all masked, attacked me as I was riding along the road to Cividad-Real, and forced me to the mines. Thus was I confined there without being informed of the cause of my disgrace. All I could learn was, that those mines belonged to the Prince of Popoli.

I had not been there long before my skill in simples and musick was of great service to me. I healed all the hurts of the workmen, which they

they often got in that kind of labour, and prescribed medicines for their families who lived in small huts near the mines. I got them to procure me a guittar, and to that I sung hymns and other strains proper either to exalt the mind or produce in it a chearful serenity. Thus I continued to act for three years, when unexpectedly I was released from my confinement.

Upon a grand festival, when all my fellow labourers were gone up from those subterraneous caverns, and I remained alone musing upon my change of fortunes, and regretting

gretting the innocent pleasures of my youth, without riches indeed, but without danger too, I heard, me-thought, at some distance, a person coming towards the place where I was. I turned about, and presently discerned somebody advancing towards me, the richness of whose apparel made a glimmering light by that of our lamps; but how great was my surprize and pleasure when I perceived it to be the Prince of Popoli himself. I got up from my seat, while he, without uttering a word, looked at me for a moment, then fell on my

## 60 M E M O I R S of the

my neck and shed a flood of tears. At length, recovering himself, he cried out, Oh Don Armelio! I have been deceived, and you abused— Can you forgive me?—My Lord, answered I, I don't understand you; I am ignorant of every thing concerning the cause of my being brought to this place, where I have now been a long time; and though I have learnt that these mines belong to you, I can have no suspicion of your being the author of my confinement. Yes, yes, he replied with warmth, I am the author of it; but when you know in what manner

manner I was persuaded to it, you will rather pity than upbraid me ; and I hope to find room in your breast for forgiveness, though I shall never be able to forgive myself. With that he told me in few words the whole of Mendoza's treachery— How, in order to ruin me, he had deceived him by false appearances— How he had caused the Marchioness of Alcuna's woman to assume her dress, while himself put on my resemblance ; and how Mendoza had placed him in the garden to behold the private meeting in the balcony : In fine, the whole history

as

as I have related it. Then he proceeded to tell me, how Mendoza, by a violent fall from his horse, had been so hurt, that his life was despaired of; that he had confessed his ingratitude and treachery to him in his last moments ; and had entreated my forgiveness and that of the Marchioness of Alcuna's : And lastly, that he had assured him Donna Elvira was innocent of his contrivance, and that they had been married some time ; and begged therefore that I would let her have what money I had of his in my possession. You may judge, my dearest

Ar-

Armelio ! concluded the Prince, how penetrated I was with grief at this relation. I immediately took post and came hither to release you myself. My Lord ! answered I, grasping his hand with a serene look, think no more of what is past ; Heaven tries us like gold ; it has given me constancy and courage to support my change of fortune. I have spent my time here not unprofitably. I have instructed and entertained the inhabitants of these mountains, who often visited me in the bowels of the earth, with divine histories and the charms of musick.

musick. I have cured their diseases by my knowledge in simples. In a word, I said every thing I could think of to comfort him, which increased more and more his warmth of affection towards me. I affected a more than ordinary pleasantness and chearfulness; part of which communicated itself by degrees unto him, and his countenance became brightened; but with a mixture of grief.

The Prince stayed some days in those mountains, distributing his pistoles among the labourers. And before he went away he was de-  
sirous

fious of visiting those great caverns in the earth, whence such vast treasures had been dug in antient times. We descended into them with an hundred torches and lamps. We sounded trumpets and fired carbines, which made a most surprising and delightful echo, through the windings of those caverns. In one particular spot I made the Prince observe an antient inscription on a pillar, of which we could make out nothing but these words, in Arabic, a language I was well acquainted with; — “ Abdalla the Moor.” — The Prince took it for certain, that

some Moor of distinction had been buried there, and ordered his people to dig about the column. They did so, and in a little time they found something hard, that resisted their instruments; and proved to be a brass trap-door. We caused it to be lifted up, and under it found a staircase, which descended into a vault, where we perceived a glimmering light. There we found a tomb of porphyry—a lamp was burning over it, which began to dye away, as soon as the air was let into the vault: Upon the tomb stood a little silver box with this inscription upon it,

it, likewise in Arabic. "Here lie  
" Abdalla the Moor, and the Princess  
" Alveraheyda, daughter to King  
" Abdorames." We opened the box,  
and found in it an Arabic manu-  
script, which contained the history  
of Abdalla and that Princess; which  
because it is too long to relate to  
you at present, and as I have seve-  
ral copies of it in Spanish, I will  
present you with one of them,  
which you may read at your leisure.  
To finish my own history; The  
Prince having taken a view of the  
mines, ordered things to be in rea-  
diness for our departure. Mean

time the people of those mountains, hearing I was going to leave them, gathered about us, and with tears and lamentations testified how much I had gained the affections of those innocent and ingenuous minds; nor would they be comforted till I had promised to visit them sometimes, which I do every year; and while I am with them it is a continual scene of rejoicing. I returned with the Prince, and continued with him until he died: The Princess retreated into an abbey of her own founding; and myself now growing old, chose for my

my dwelling this pleasant solitude, not far from the place, where I took my birth. I sometimes visit the Princess of Popoli, and pass many hours of agreeable conversation with her.

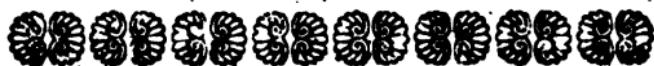
Here Armelio made an end of his history, and went and brought to us the manuscript he had promised us. Having made him all demonstrations of a grateful sense of his civility, we ordered our mules to the end of the avenue towards the road ; we walked to the place, Armelio accompanying us. There he took his leave, and left us to continue our

journey, while himself returned to his hermitage.

That evening our guide brought us to a town agreeably situated, and where there was a tollerable good inn. One of my servants, who had the charge of our provisions on the sumpter mules, always took care to see our supper well ordered and dressed to our taste. This evening he set upon the table fat quails, rabbits of an excellent *Fumet*, with a *civè* of hare. As for wine we carried always of the best sorts along with us. Soon after

after supper we withdrew to our apartments, reserving the history of Abdalla, and the Princess Alveraheyda for our entertainment the next day.





## C H A P. XVII.

IN the morning soon after breakfast, we went to take a view of the situation of the town and country. At last our guide led us into a garden of orange, citron and lemon trees, that perfumed all the air around it; from whence we passed into a wood of high trees at some little distance from the garden; and finding in it very beautiful alleys, we walked a good way into it.

it. At length we came to a corner of the wood, which opened upon a small green meadow, watered with a clear stream. Upon the border of this part of the wood, we chanced to perceive a space formed by nature into seats covered with moss. The place was so secretly contrived that it concealed us from sight of any in the meadow, though we might easily discern what passed in any part of it. Here we all sat down, and the Countess proposed to read to us the history of Abdalla the Moor, and the daughter of King Abdorames. The philosopher

sopher Swenitz and I were both impatient to hear what it contained; and being seated conveniently for attention, the Countess opened the manuscript and read as follows.



THE

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THE  
HISTORY

OF

ABDALLA the Moor;

AND

The Princeſſ ALVERAHEYDA  
Daughter to King ABDORAMES.



WHAT time the moorish  
King Abdorames had sub-  
dued all Spain, there came to his  
court

court a young Moor of illustrious race, named Abdalla. King Abdorames took a particular liking to him : His physiognomy was agreeable, his air open and ingenuous, but at the same time noble and graceful ; and the richness of his cloathing added heightening to his natural beauty : His eyes were lively, yet had nothing in them wild or too fiery : His features had nothing rough in them, yet was not his beauty soft and effeminate. As to his mind, it was steady and prudent, and he expressed his sentiments with a voice sweet, musical, and

and insinuating. He made himself capable of the most serious affairs, and deserved the King's confidence, who made him master of horse to his eldest daughter the Princess Alveraheyda ; being glad of such a youth to adorn his court.

The Princess Alveraheyda, on the other hand, had great perfections. Abdalla in a short time became enamoured with her beauty and excellent qualifications of mind. He owned his love to me his governor, whose name was Abutar. I did not disapprove of his passion, it being noble and worthy of his rank;

on

on the contrary, I indulged him in it. "Tis true, said I to him, Alveraheyda is beautiful, and the fineness of her inward qualifications equals her outward ornament. He was ravished to hear me approve his passion, which daily encreased.

The Princefs Alveraheyda was born with all those excellent advantages that the bounty of nature can bestow. Her complexion was a clear brown, blended and enlivened with the finest vermillion. Her eyes were black, and sparkled with such soft and piercing beams, that few or none could contemplate her

her with a stedfast regard. But the beauties of her person were small in comparison with those of her mind. They began in the bloom of her age to break out with such lustre, as was scarce to be seen in any but herself: Her vivacity was great, but always accompanied with a solid judgment; and she had besides a courage high enough to challenge a rank amongst the most generous minds.

The exalted perfections of Alveraheyda produced such a respect, united with affection in Abdella, that he concealed his flame, nor durst

durst reveal it to her, though the rank he was born to, and the merit of his person, might have emboldened him to make it known. In the mean time, the great favour of the King permitting him often to be present with the Princess, she became no less smitten with his noble qualities. She blushed whenever he came into her presence; for though his lips were silent, his eyes and actions were eloquent, and Nature had taught her to understand them without an interpreter.

At

At a grand festival that was celebrated at Cordova upon the Princess Alveraheyda's birth-day, there was a most magnificent tournament, at which the King and the prime of his nobility assisted. The young courtiers engaged in this warlike sport, where they appeared in all the ornament they could invent. Abdalla was entered now his twentieth year, and presented himself in the lists, clad in a rich suit of armour, which old King Abdorames had given him. His helmet was shaded with a white plume of feathers, glittering with

gold spangles: His armour and surcoat were equally rich and gay. His steed was as white as snow, and full of fire, whom his rider managed with a wonderful grace and dexterity. The King, the Princess, and the whole court, fastened their regards upon him with admiration and pleasure, but in Alveraheyda's countenance they appeared mixt with love and tender solicitude. The first trumpets now sounded, and all the gallants presented themselves before the Ladies they loved, and demanded some token of their favour, which, up-

on such occasions, they were hardly permitted to refuse. There was scarce any that did not obtain of their mistresses either embroidered ribbons, rich scarfs, bracelets, or other presents of like nature. Only Abdalla made no address, but stood almost alone at the foot of the seat where King Abdorames, with the Princess and chief ladies, were placed. The King perceiving his coldness, called to him himself, and demanded the reason, why he did not seek a favour, as well as the rest, in order to shew his skill and force in honour of some lady.

Abdalla instantly drew near the seat, and looking up to the King with a submissive but noble aspect, "Sir," said he, "I have lived till now among the ladies of your court without parting with my liberty; and though I honour them all, as their beauty deserves, I have not made the offer of my heart to any. I am servant to the Princess Alveraheyda, and though I look upon her as a subject ought to look upon his sovereign Lady, I hope she will pardon me, if I take the liberty to protest before her, that I will not ask a favour from

from any but herself: If I may not enter the lists under her influence, I am resolved to beg no other." The words and behaviour of Abdalla were diversly received by those present. The Princess Alveraheyda blushed with secret joy. Some censured him as inconsiderate and over-bold: The Ladies endeavoured to regard him with disdain and seeming contempt; but old King Abderames, instead of reproving of him, testified his approbation of his request, by desiring the Princess to bestow some favour upon him: Alveraheyda

strait took off her arm a white ribbon embroidered with silver, to which was hung a bracelet, in which was her father's picture enriched with diamonds. This, with a soft blush, she gave Abdalla, fixing her eyes upon his face, in which she read both his respect and love.

The last trumpets now sounded. Abdalla strait put the Princess's favour on his helmet, and placed himself ready to begin the tournament. I shall not make a particular description of that day's various successes of all who gained less or

more

more glory than the rest, but be content with telling you, that Abdalla behaved with so much force and skill that his glory diminished the lustre of others: Only one thing let me mention. In a career against the Emir of Saragossa, a man of great strength and valour, both their horses met with such violence that they fell to the ground under their riders, who had shivered their spears upon their helmets. I was at the foot of the seat of the Princess, and could see that the danger Abdalla was in made the roses vanish from her cheek; and she

seemed in the utmost confusion till she saw him again safely remounted. After the sports were over, the day concluded in feastings, loves, and rejoicings. King Abdorames highly honoured Abdalla, and made him sit over against the Princess Alveraheyda.

Such was the state of these illustrious lovers, but continued not in such secrecy long; for love, by an event of his own ordering, caused Alveraheyda to be the first to discover her flame.

The Princess had an attendant in her train whom she chiefly loved and

and trusted. This maid, who did not want sagacity, soon discovered, by sundry tokens, that her mistress had a secret love for Abdalla. She perceived that the Princess loved to hear him spoken of, though she frequently blushed when he was named: She loved to be alone more than usual, and often sighed without knowing she did so. These tokens were sufficient for Doralice (that was the name of the Princess's confidante) to suspect her mistress of being touched with a secret passion for Abdalla. She resolved.

solved therefore to get the truth from her if possible.

As the Princess was one day walking in the palace gardens, Doralice led her by degrees into an arbour in the midst of a wilderness of myrtle. After a train of artful discourse, she insensibly brought the Princess to talk of Abdalla. Madam, said she, do you not think, if fortune were not blind and would place her favours upon the most shining merit, that the young Lord Abdalla might pretend to a crown; though we should set aside his noble birth and the charms of his person? It is confessed, an-

swered

swered the Princeſs, that Abdalla is highly commendable for his excellencies: He has all thoſe that ſuit an accomplished Prince. Have you obſerved, re-turned Doralice, the grace that ſhines in all his actions, the ſweet-ness of his conveſe, the vivacity of his wit, and thoſe thouſand marks of greatness, that croud together, without disorder, in his face and language. I have remark-ed them all, ſaid the Princeſs, with a diſcernment as clear as thine; and I really look upon Abdalla as an extraordinary youth; but what

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what dost thou aim at by extorting  
this confession from me. I would  
fain induce you to own, said Dora-  
lice with a look that began to  
brighten, that your judgment has  
not shown you so many excellent  
qualities in him, without touching  
your heart with some other senti-  
ments than those of esteem. Indeed,  
my dear Princess, added she smile-  
ing, I believe you are not insensible,  
and if you will allow me to  
speak my mind, I dare say, you are  
in love with him. This discourse  
of Doralice brought the crimson  
blushes into the Princess's face,  
and

and looking on Doralice with a serious, composed countenance — However to-day it happens, said she, methinks your words are not over wise — How have I given you room for such thoughts? I do not know which of my actions could make you form such conjectures. — I did not so much see your love in your actions, replied Doralice, as in my own reason, which to me appeared a better foundation for my opinion, than any proofs you have yet betrayed. Abdalla loves you, which you must have perceived: the King your father highly values

values him; and he is every way worthy of your love — Of my esteem, answered the Princess, interrupting her: But supposing my inclination did place a particular value upon the person of Abdalla, I would make that inclination bow to the obedience due to the King my father's will, which shall ever be the rule of all my actions. Let me then, suppose in my turn, said the other pleasantly, that the King your father, not entirely blind, as it seems, to the merit of Abdalla, should propose him to you for the partner of your bed? Indeed, answered

swered the Princess, Doralice, thou art very absurd to make such a supposition, but nevertheless I will frankly confess though possibly not without a blush, that in the case thou dost imagine, I would sooner give my hand to Abdalla than to the greatest of Sovereigns. The Princess Alveraheyda had scarce spoke these words and was now getting up to leave the pavillion, when young Abdalla entered it. He threw himself at her feet with a look so full of joy and satisfaction, that the Princess presently concluded he had heard all she had said. This called a

blush

blush into her cheeks, and she seemed surprised with so much shame, that wanting confidence to look upon him, she covered half her face with her veil to hide her confusion. Abdalla judging rightly of the cause of it — Beautiful Alveraheyda, said he, do not grudge me this piece of good fortune, which my kind stars have given me without your consent. What I have heard from your lips has exalted me above the greatest Sovereign upon earth, be not troubled at what you have pronounced in my favour, unless you blush to think you have bestowed

stowed your choice on one, who does not deserve it. Though I love you with a love not indeed quite equal to your charms, for that is impossible; yet is it a flame bright and exalted: nor will I ever urge you to any thing contrary to the duty you so justly say you owe the King your father.

While he spake in this manner, the Princess recovered from her first confusion, and whether it was the opinion she had of his discretion, or else the innocence of her intention, or her love, or all together; she began to believe that she need not blush

at the words she had spoken, as she had at first imagined. With this persuasion, taking her hand from her face, instead of giving a direct answer to what Abdalla had said, she looked upon him with a sweet disdain. And is it thus, Abdalla, said the Princess, you shew the respect due to me? do you think you have not forgotten what you owe me, thus to break in upon my retirements, and by a contrived ambush, listen to my secret discourse with my attendant Doralice. I had rather die, answered Abdalla, than give you any just cause of displeasure:

sure: Believe me, it was chance alone that led me hither, and not design. But, fair Princess! confirm once more that word you lately pronounced, that you would willingly give me your hand if the King consented to it. Yes, Abdalla, answered she, trusting that you will not abuse the secret you have gotten from me, I scruple not to confirm what you have already heard from my mouth, and will repeat it again, that if you can persuade the King my father to approve of your love, I will submit myself to his royal will, and give you my

hand. Abdalla once more threw himself at her feet, and was so transported with the joy these words gave him, that he laid hold of the Princess Alveraheyda's hand, and kissed it several times with the greatest ardour; while she seemed so absent in thought as to forget what he was doing. Thus that time they parted.

Abdalla thought it not fit to speak his inward sentiments to the old King, till some important service had set him still higher in Abdorames's esteem. He did not wait long for an opportunity to render himself illustrious

illustrious. In a short time the war was renewed between the Moors and the Franks; in which, Abdalla on all occasions, so distinguished himself, both for his courage and his conduct, that he endeared himself more and more to the old King, who began to love him as his son.

At first Abdalla excused himself from any of the highest commands, pleading the inexperience of his youth, but he had so signalized himself upon several occasions, that King Abdorames would have him take the command of great part of

the Army. At length after having spent two months in skirmishes, from which Abdalla always came back charged with the rich spoils of his enemies, the two armies came to a general engagement. The victory declared that day for the Moorish King; and the Franks lost above fifteen thousand men.

The news was immediately sent to Cordova to the Princess Alveraheyda and the rest, that remained at court. All the letters were filled with the glory Abdalla had acquired, as they attributed almost to him alone the victory. What a satis-

faction

faction this must have been to the Princess Alveraheyda, you may imagine. But alas! her pleasure did not last long.

The Franks having reinforced their army, marched again to meet the Moorish King. They met near Tours. Abdorames perceiving the strength of the enemy to be great, took himself the command of the vanguard, and under him fought the young Abdalla. Both armies were ranged in the most beautiful order, and afforded to the spectator a pleasing terror. The trumpets, and kettledrums soon gave

defiance with their martial music, and both Armies joined battle. The victory was disputed with the greatest courage and obstinacy. The old King Abdorames provoked at the delay of conquest, forgetting the value of his royal person, engaged so far in the battalions of the Franks, that his golden crown on his helmet was cleft, and he was twice beaten down from his horse. But it seemed as if he had only fallen to raise Abdalla to a higher pitch of glory; who like a young lion who beholds his aged sire, the sovereign of the woods, in danger,

danger, twice rushed amidst the  
prease, and redeemed the King.  
He entreated him to set a higher  
price upon his life ; but Abdorames  
seemed offended at the request, and  
ardently desirous of opening a way to  
victory with his own hand, he  
rushed a third time into the enemies  
ranks, where he received two  
wounds, that made him fall to  
the ground. Abdalla, whom the  
croud had parted from the King's  
side, seeing how hotly it was fought  
about Abdorames, again hastened  
to his relief: And having dispersed  
the best troops of the Franks, and  
seeing

Seeing the King on the field, he leaped down from his horse, and with great strength, which affection rendered still greater, heaved him into his seat, then vaulting up behind him, rode out of the battle to where the King's chariot stood.

Night at length put an end to the combat. The Moors left the field to the Franks, being disheartened at the dangerous state of their King.

Abdorames perceiving his life draw near its end, sent for his chief officers into his tent; where as soon as they were assembled, the old King

addressed himself to them in the following manner.

“ My friends! do not lament  
“ my death: I die, like a King,  
“ in the field of honour. If you  
“ have any love for me, give me  
“ one proof of it, by accomplish-  
“ ing my last commands. The  
“ worth of Abdalla is known to  
“ you all; receive him after my  
“ death, for husband to my  
“ daughter, the Princess Alvera-  
“ heyda: And as the Emir of  
“ Saragossa is slain, I create Abdal-  
“ la Emir in his room, and give  
“ him that government.”

Then

Then stretching his hand to Abdalla, I leave thee, said he, my daughter and the sovereignty of Saragossa; accept the present, my son, since I have nothing more precious to bestow upon thee.

These words were heard by some with pleasure mixt with grief; by others with envy and rage, that sparkled in their eyes: But Abdalla, kneeling down, took the King's hand, and kissing it beathed it with his tears; at last recovering himself, he said: great Abdorames, you die like a King; you have crowned the noble actions of your life by a glorious

glorious death, and the memory of both will last and be resplendent in future ages; I accept the precious gift of Alveraheyda's hand, and think it the greatest you could bestow upon me.—King Abdorames gently pressed his hand, and shortly after expired.

Upon the news of his death a general voice of lament was raised through the whole camp, mixt with the sounds of clarions, drums, and trumpets, that struck the stars with their solemn music.

Thus

Thus died King Abdorames, surnamed the just: He was grandson to the Caliph Hesham: he subdued the kingdoms of Castile, Navarre, Portugal, and Arragon. He made a settlement in Langue-doc, and added to his kingdom Guienne, and Poictou; and in all probability, had he not been slain in this battle, the kingdom of France would have made part of his conquests.

And, pardon me, reader, if I here pause a little to mourn over so great a King, whose virtues and munificence merited the esteem and

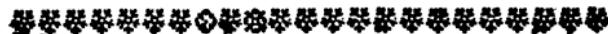
## Chevalier PIERPOINT. III

and love of all who knew him,  
and have embalmed his memory  
like a rich perfume.

The Moorish historian Abutar  
here breaks off — and then in an-  
other book proceeds as follows.



CHAP.



## C H A P. XVIII.

*Continuation of the History of Abdalla  
the Moor, &c.*

THE young Prince Muzza Abdorames, who had been left at Cordova, was now crowned King; who, loving his pleasures, was resolved to continue the war no longer. He immediately sent ambassadors to the Christians with proposals of peace: They were accepted, and he recalled his armies, leaving only a part to guard the frontiers.

Ab-

Abdorames's body being embalmed, was brought in great military pomp to Cordova, conducted by the new Emir of Saragossa, who had sent me before to let the Princess Alveraheyda know her father's last command. The Princess assisted at the funeral, dressed in a long robe of cloth of gold mixt with streaks of sable. With her own hand she set fire to the pile of incense and perfumes, while the song, used by the Moors at such mournful ceremonies, was sung to the sound of instruments. It recorded King Abdorames's valour in arms ; his munificence and love towards his people. These

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last honours being paid, the Prin-  
cess Alveraheyda retreated from all  
company for three months; nor  
would see even Abdalla, but she  
sent him word that, according to  
King Abdorâmes her father's com-  
mand, she would give him her  
hand as soon as the time of mourn-  
ing was expired.

In the mean time Abdalla went  
and took possession of Saragossa,  
where he was crowned Emir, and  
immediately returned to Court. He  
had been there now some time, and  
frequently conversed with the new  
King, who in all those conversa-  
tions never once mentioned his fa-  
ther

ther Abdorames's last words, that related to the choice he had made of Abdalla for the Princess Alveraheyda's husband. He was greatly astonished at it, but soon learned that Hassan, governor of the palace, had prejudiced the young King against that alliance, by representing to him, that Abdalla might one day shake off his yoke and pretend to the crown, as having married the eldest daughter of King Abdorames by a former marriage. These weak reasons prevailed upon a young Prince naturally suspicious. He ordered the Princess to be carefully guarded, and when Abdalla

spoke to him of the last will of Abdorames concerning her, he answered, that the King his father had not sufficiently considered an affair of so great importance, and that he could never consent the Princess Alveraheyda should give her hand to any one but whom he himself should chuse. Abdalla, though struck to the heart at this unking-like and base proceeding, wisely dissembled his resentment, and being ascertained of the secret ill offices that were done him by the envious Haffan, wrote the Princess the following letter :

“ Princess

“ Princess Alveraheyda,  
“ You know I love you: I gained  
“ ed your father’s approbation to  
“ marry you; but your brother  
“ will not fulfil Abdoramès’s last  
“ command concerning you. If  
“ then you have any love for Ab-  
“ dalla, meet him this night in the  
“ grove on the left of the garden,  
“ where he will be ready to carry  
“ you away. I will cause an alarm  
“ to be given at the gate of the  
“ palace, which may call all atten-  
“ tion that way, and facilitate your  
“ escape. There is no other re-  
“ medy.”

This letter we got conveyed to the Princess by one of her guards, whom we bribed with a sum of gold for that purpose.

The Princess, filled with resentment against her brother, and inspired by her love, made no hesitation to do as her lover desired. Besides, what augmented her speed to be gone was, that she had been informed the King her brother designed her for Hassan, whom she hated both on account of his disagreeable person and villainous dispositions.

Mean:

Mean time the night approached, and the Princess, with her favourite Doralice, was ready for her expected Abdalla. And now the shades were grown dark, and but a few stars glimmered in the hemisphere, when on a sudden was heard a thundering noise before the western gate of the palace. 'Twas I Abutar myself who caused it, with a party of resolute soldiers we had gained over to our interests. We broke down the gates, and entered the first court, crying out, Deliver to us the traitor Hassan, or we storm the palace. Hassan, whom the

alarm had wakened, and who did not want courage, finding his life was aimed at, put himself at the head of the King's guards, and resolutely came to attack us. We received him with the same resolution. The battle was fought by the light of an hundred torches. Myself met the perfidious Haffan, and with a stroke of my sabre, cleft his rich morion, and laid him dead at my feet. The nearest of his soldiers seeing him killed, instantly fled ; and I caused to be proclaimed his death from rank to rank, crying out, " We are satisfied ; Haffan is dead : Live

for

for ever King Muzza Abdoram-

mes."

There was not a man killed in this fray, save the perfidious Hassan; though several were wounded. As soon as we drew off, the King, who had lain trembling in his palace, hearing that we were gone, ordered the gates to be shut, without pursuing us.

In the mean time Abdalla had not been idle: He had broke into the garden, and found the Princess ready to receive him. He set her on a swift steed, and with his armed men took the road to Saragossa,

leav-

leaving only one to inform us of the way he was gone with the Princess. We immediately followed his track, and riding furiously we overtook him by sun-rise. We proceeded with the greatest diligence, and many joined us on the way, being willing to follow the fortunes of Abdalla; so that we arrived at Saragossa with a numerous band well armed. The Saragossans received us with acclamations and honours. Abdalla now thought of nothing but celebrating his nuptials with the Princess Alveraheyda. These were performed with

with royal magnificence, such as suited with the daughter of the great King Abdorames ; while the nuptial song recorded the virtues of Abdalla and Al-eraheyda, concluding with the following words, accompanied with an hundred Instruments of musick, trumpets, and kettle-drums.

Behold how pure the torches shine  
Of sacred Hymen and of love,  
Both radiant coming from above;

In golden ties the hearts to join  
Of brave Abdalla and his royal bride,  
The star-like Princess, sweet Alveraheyde.

None

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None but Abdalla's valour bright  
Could e'er deserve such heav'nly  
charms ;  
The Gods, when they the brave  
requite,  
With blooming beauty bless their  
arms.  
Blest be Abdalla with his royal bride,  
The star-like Princess, sweet Alve-  
raheyde.

**C H A P.**



## C H A P. XIX.

*Conclusion of the History of Abdalla  
the Moor, &c.*

IN the mean time the young King Muzza, incensed at the fate of his favourite Hassan, and the flight of the Princess, immediately marched with his army to Saragossa. He took with him all his seraglio in the greatest pomp. The women were lodged in the richest pavilions, each with guards and a splendid attendance. His camp was one scene

scene of feastings, and filled with a multitude of minstrels. With this army he besieged Saragossa a whole year, without furthering the siege. The bravery of Abdalla, and the charms of Alveraheyda, inspired the Saragoffans with constancy and courage, and proved an over-match for the Cordovan King and his numerous army. At length Muzza finding he could not prevail by force, resolved to use treachery. He found means to bribe, with a sum of gold, one of the chiefs of the Saragoffans, who set open by night one of the gates to him. King Muzza, with his

his troops, poured into the city, and filled it with fire and slaughter. Abdalla and the Princess, with a few others, had just time to escape by a secret passage under an old castle that ended in an open field. We travelled all night on foot, nor did the Princess the least complain of fatigue, that she might not increase the trouble of Abdalla. At last we got horses, and arrived at Taracona, where the Emir having refused tribute to the Cordovan King, received us at first with pleasure and munificence, promising to protect Abdalla and the Princess till

till they could make their peace with the King, or else to lend him troops to recover his government. Hope now began to brighten a little on our side, but did not last long : Muzza Abdorames, by giving up to the Taraconian a considerable sum, which was due in arrears of the tribute, brought him over to his interest. The traitorous Taraconian led the noble youth into an ambush, where a Cordovan Moor pierced him with a zagaglia. I happened to be well mounted on a swift Arab, and escaped to the mountains, where I hid myself, living

Living upon what I could get from the good-will of the shepherds and mountaineers. The Taracanian would have delivered up the Princess to her brother, but she made her escape, and fled to Mauregato King of the Asturias. Muzza Abdorames attacked Mauregato, but was beaten in the field with great loss, and forced to lead back the remains of his army to Cordova. As to the Prince Abdalla, his body was left in a forest near Leon where he was slain, till some of his followers, who had escaped, went by night and took it up; and hav-

## 130 MEMOIRS of the

ing embalmed it, buried it under a large laurel by the side of a hill in those parts. Being informed of this particular, and hearing the Princeſſ was in safety with King Muaregato, I went secretly with two mountaineers to the place where the body lay. We found it, and brought it away. Then I got this vault made, and erected in it this tomb, in which I laid the body with aromatics. Having paid this last duty to my loved Lord, I determined to see the Princeſſ Alveraheyda. I set out for the kingdom of Asturias, and went to the court of Mauregato ; there

I told how I had business of importance to communicate to the Princess Alveraheyda. I was introduced to her apartments, and found her embroidering the story of our adventures. As soon as I entered she knew me; she shrieked out, and letting fall her work, Art thou Abutar, said she, or his phantom? if thou art he, where then is my Lord Abdalla? what have they done with him? At which name she shed a flood of tears. I was so affected I could scarce speak to her: At length summoning all my fortitude, I related to her all that

had happened since we parted; how Abdalla's last accents were—Fly, Abutar! Assist my loved Princess Alveraheyda. Remember me to her; how I had got the body of her Lord, and placed it in a tomb in the silver mines of Estremadura. At this a glimpse of joy, like a transient lightning through a cloud, shined momentary through her grief. O faithful Abutar! cried she, I am satisfied—I will go myself thither and visit his tomb; nor will I ever depart from it. I would have dissuaded her from her purpose, but all my reasons were fruitless.

les. One day she went to King Mauregato and begged he would permit her to depart. She told him, that the world could afford her no delight, and that she had chosen a retreat where she designed to spend the rest of her days in retirement. Mauregato, who was a brave Prince, answered, that he assumed no power over her will; that he looked upon her as still a sovereign, and that she might, as such, pursue her own inclinations. The Princes then ordered me to be conducted to a castle in the country, which Mauregato

had given her. There she stayed till I had prepared every thing for our secret departure. One evening she got out undiscovered through the gardens, and came to the place where I waited for her; and mounting our mules, we took the road to the mountains. I procured her an habitation with the wife of a shepherd, which I furnished for her as richly as I could. The first thing she did was to visit the tomb of her Lord. When she saw it, at first she could only express herself by sighs and tears: At last she kissed the tomb, and, bathing it

it with beautiful sorrows, broke forth into these words, oft interrupted with sighs—

O noble Abdalla ! to whom I was indebted for my greatest happiness, and who art now the cause of all my griefs, here I shall never see thee more. How welcome would death be to me, that I might follow thee to those scenes where thou dost enjoy the rich ward of thy virtue. In thee shined valour, truth, faithfulness, gratitude, innocence, goodness and love ; a constellation of bright virtues. Thy life was short, but filled with glory ;

such a life should have endured  
for ever; but this world was unworthy of thee... O loved Abdalla!  
When shall I follow thee. When  
I am dead my ashes shall be  
mixt with thine: In the mean time  
all my comfort shall be placed in  
being still near the tomb of him  
I loved. O Abdalla, Abdalla, thou  
shalt never die, but always live in  
my heart; rather let me forget  
myself than forget thee, who didst  
love me, and forgotest not, even  
in death, to name thy Alvera-  
heyda.

The

The Princess did not long survive her loss: She pined away, and faded like a flower, and in a short time died of grief. I buried her with her Lord; and leaving this their history in a silver box on the monument, over which I hung a lamp burning, I closed up the vault with a brass door.

And now farewell, O lovely pair! And if my writing be ever found, the memory of your love shall never die; and the virtues of the Moor Abdalla and the Princess Alverakeyda, flourish to distant

138 MEMOIRS of the  
tant ages, sweet to heaven and  
earth.

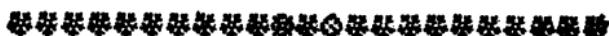
ABUTAR.

The Countess was so affected with this story, that upon her finishing it we perceived the tears shine in her eyes; and indeed it made an impression on us all. You see, said I to the Countess, they were not without tender passions in this country a thousand years ago. What, answered she, is it so long since this happened? Even so long, answered I. Abdorames the second King of Cordova, and Mau-regato

regato King of Asturia, lived in the year 783. The Goths, who after the fall of the Roman Empire, had taken possession of Spain, were expelled by the Moors, who had been called in by Count Julian, whose daughter King Rodriquez had ravished. Abdorames the first conquered all Spain, excepting the Asturias, where Don Peladio had preserved a little kingdom amidst the mountains; and where this Mauregato, here mentioned, was King in 783. Indeed, answered the Countess, I am both grieved and charmed with this history; and

and should be glad to visit the place where these illustrious lovers lie entombed. Before we leave Spain, I replied, perhaps we may have an opportunity of doing so. We were just getting up to return to our inn, when there entered the meadow, by the side of the wood where we were sitting, an extraordinary personage: He was dressed in an old scarlet loose coat, bound about his waist with a yellow silk sash: On his legs he had a sort of spatterdashes of Cordovan leather: On his head he wore a large white hat, like an ombrello, with

with a double plume of feathers; and at his side hung a guittar: He was attended by four young persons of either sex, dressed in the Moresco fashion, with tabors, lutes, and castinettoes. In a little time they all began their musick, dancing, at the same time, several Moresco dances; with which we were excessively well entertained for above an hour.



## C H A P. XX.

WHILST we were looking upon these dancers our host informed us who the Moresco master was. He told us that he was a gentleman of a small but pleasant estate in the neighbourhood, who had been master of the Ceremonies to the Prince of Asturia; that being jilted by a Lady of quality, he had retreated from court, and for his amusement and diversion taught the young men and maidens of the country, whom he thought handsome, to dance Moresco dances, and

and play upon the lute; at which he had been always very expert.

We could not help smiling at the turn of mind the gentleman had taken; and were now preparing to return to our inn, when there came up to us a person of a pleasant look, and pretty round in his make, whom by the ornament he wore we perceived to be a Knight of Alcantara. He very politely saluted us, and told us, that hearing we were strangers who travelled to see the country, he was come to invite us to dine at his house, which was not above a

mile

mile off. We told him that he did us honour, and we would wait on him with pleasure. Accordingly we sent our host home, and the Knight led us through several walks in the wood, till we got within sight of his house, that stood at some distance on the other side of it. All the way we went, we could not satisfy our eyes with admiring the enchanting country about it. The neighbouring hills rose like an amphitheatre, and were overspread with vines and fruitful trees. All nature smiled and looked gay, the air was serene and

and filled with fragrancy. The Knight's house stood near a small river: It was built of a beautiful stone; its architecture was pleasing to the sight, and its parts proportionable. In the middle of the court a fountain bubbled up, and formed a small canal, which was bordered by a green turf enamelled with flowers. The gardens were not large but they were filled with all kinds of fruits and plants. On each side of the garden there was a grove, whose trees appeared to be almost as old as the earth itself which bore them, and whose thick inter-

146 MEMOIRS of the  
woven branches defended its walks  
from the heat of the sun-beams.

The Knight conducted us through  
a saloon, where a table was spread  
for our entertainment; and a side-  
board appeared covered with gilt  
cups and chrystral. He brought us  
into an apartment where was a car-  
pet of purple and gold, and some  
of the finest tapestry I ever beheld,  
representing the histories and ad-  
ventures of celebrated Spanish  
Knights. Here he presented his  
Lady to us. She had something  
very engaging in her person, and  
very singular in her dress. Though  
some-

somewhat past her prime she shewed tokens in her face that she had been extreamly handsom. She was plump, and had still a complexion which needed not carmine. She wore a loose gown of white lutestring in form of a Celestin's habit, with the hood hanging behind her neck. It was bound about her waist by a blue girdle and diamond buckle; from whence flying open before, it shewed her petticoat of blue and silver. On one side from her girdle hung a string of amber beads: Her linen was of the most exquisite workmanship.

This dress was accompanied with an attractive demureness of countenance, in which appeared great sweetness, particularly when she smiled. While dinner was preparing, Don Lopez de Molina (for that was the Knight's name,) shewed us his house, the apartments of which were elegantly furnished. We admired in the tapestry before mentioned the figure of Don Rodriguez, called the Cid. Of whom the Knight gave this short history.

About the year 1073 there were near twenty Kings in Spain, some Christians some Mahometans, and besides

besides these twenty Kings, there were a considerable number of independent Lords, who came on horseback completely armed, and followed by several esquires, to offer their service to the Princes and Princesses who were engaged in wars. This custom, which at that time obtained throughout all Europe, was no where held in greater credit than in Spain. The Princes, with whom these Knights engaged, girded them with a belt, and presented them a rich sword, with which they gave them a slight blow on the shoulder. The Chris-

150 MEMOIRS of the  
tian Knights added other ceremon-  
ies, in particular that of their  
watching their arms all night be-  
fore the altar. This was the  
origin of Knights-errant, and of  
such number of single combats:  
The most celebrated of which was  
that fought after the death of  
King Sancho, who was assassinated  
while he was besieging his sister  
Ouraca, in the city Zamora. Three  
Knights maintained the honour of  
the infanta against Don Diego de  
Lara, by whom she was accused.  
They fought by turns in a place  
railed in and proudly decorated,  
and

and in presence of judges appointed on either side. Don Diego overthrew two of the infanta's Knights, and the horse of the third having the reins of his bridle cut, and running away with his Lord out of the lists, the combat was adjudged to be undecided.

Of all these Knights the Cid distinguished himself the most against the Moors. Several Knights ranged themselves under his banner, and all together, with their esquires and horsemen, composed an army covered with iron and mounted on the most beautiful

steeds of the country, as you there behold them. The Cid overcame several petty Moorish Kings, and having at last fortified himself in the city of Alcassar, he there erected a sovereignty.

He married the beautiful Ximena, whose father Don Garcia, a Castilian grandee, he had killed in single combat, in avengement of his own father's honour, whom Don Garcia had affronted with a blow in the King's presence. Ximena, tho' passionately in love with him, prosecuted her lover with the greatest ardency, till in a glorious

ous vision\*, while she prayed at the shrine of a saint, she was commanded to indulge their mutual love, and marry him.

All New Castile at last yielded to the Cid, who took possession of it in the name of King Alphonso.

After this, at the head of his army of Knights, he subdued the kingdom of Valentia. There were at that time few Kings in Spain

\* Had Corneille known this last circumstance of Ximena's history, as related by the Knight, his celebrated tragedy of the Cid, so full of passion and sentiment, would have been the better for it.

so powerful as himself, but whether he preferred the title of Cid, or whether his spirit of knight-hood kept him faithful to King Alphonso his sovereign, he never assumed the regal title; nevertheless he governed Valentia with all the authority of a King, receiving Ambassadors, and being treated with the highest respect by all nations. He died in 1096.

While he was yet speaking a servant brought word that dinner was on the table. We went into the saloon, where we found a gentleman arrived, who the Knight

whif-

whispered me was an excellent poet, named Don Hernando; and before we could sit down came in one Don Melchion a physician. The Knight welcomed them both and we took our places. We found by the entertainment the Knight loved small and few dishes, but of exquisite relish. Four dishes only at a time, and three courses. Then came the desert, composed of several sort of fruits wet and dry; and offered to us out of two japan china baskets by two beautiful figures representing Vertumnus and Pomona. Amongst the wines were some

some crystal bottles filled with pure water. That water, (said the Knight to the Countess who was filling herself a glass of it) you will find excellent. I have it brought me from the brooks of Mexico, and it contains the atoms and spirit of gold. Those waters, said Don Melchion, are admirable for confirming the stamina, strengthning the lungs, and giving a sweet tone to the Voice. They should be drunk, madam, by all Ladies that sing. But, said the Countess, it is so difficult to get them. 'Tis true, answered Don Melchion, spirituous

rituous golden waters are but very few, because golden earth and gold mines are very scarce; besides, where there are such mines there is such a mixture of other minerals that they are not perceptible. Nevertheless there are some rivulets in the high alps of Bohemia, that participate of these golden spirits, as in the Fiechtelberg mountains of Silesia. The hot baths also in the bishopric of Coire are impregnated with a golden spirit. The gentleman, said the Knight of Alcantara, is a learned Physician. The Countess bowed her head to the doctor and

and said, be so good, Don Melchion, as to inform me whether all waters that have grains of gold in them, have the spirit and tincture of it. No, madam, answered Melchion, there are auriferous waters, or waters carrying visible grains of gold, which are not so properly called mineral or golden waters, because the gold grains are not mixed with the water, but only carried in it by its rapid motion, the water itself being uncompounded with it. After some more discourse upon this subject, Donna Monimia, who had a great regard for

for the poet Hernando, because he used to compose Canzoni's for her to sing to the lute, took an opportunity to turn the conversation upon poetry. I am extreamly pleased, said she, with the poems you sent me last. They are filled with natural graces and ornaments; they brought to my mind what you have formerly told me; that the beauties of a poem ought to be simple, easy, perspicuous and seemingly negligent. You avoid all superfluous ornaments, and make use of only those that are natural. You don't dazzle me with flashes of

of wit. I am not a little proud, replied Hernando, that I have wrote any thing that can please so fine a taste. I confess, said Monimia, that if a fine taste consists in admiring the easy, natural beauty, that taste is mine: If the flowers we tread upon in a meadow be as pretty as those in the finest garden, I love them better. Poetry, answered Hernando, is certainly an imitation of Nature, and a sort of painting. Let us suppose that Raphaell were busy about a picture, he would avoid drawing whimsical figures, unless he were working

on grotesque. He would not use too bright colouring, he would be so far from desiring his art should be obvious to the eye, that he would do all in his power to conceal it. It is truth that gives a value to his paintings. Any thing too bright or overwrought is defective. A poet should always aim at an exact likeness, as well as the painter. How delightful is it to see in one of Titian's country-pieces, the goats climbing up a hanging rock; or to observe a country-feast and rustic dames in one of Tainiere's pictures. It is

no wonder therefore that we are charmed with such natural descriptions of human life as we find in the Odyssey: We fancy ourselves to be in those places that Homer describes, and that we see and hear people there. This simplicity of manners seems to bring back the golden age, and is what I have endeavoured to describe. Donna Monimia, said the Knight, will you sing one of Don Hernando's songs for the satisfaction of the company. — Immediately Donna Monimia called for her lute, and sung with a charming voice some

excel-

excellent words of Hernando's composition: Nor did I ever know any body touch that instrument so well: After she had done singing she got up and took the Countess with her into the other apartment.

As soon as the Ladies were retired, I took the word and said to Don Lopez de Molina, your happiness seems to me great in all respects, particularly in the possession of so charming a Lady as Donna Monimia: But will you pardon my curiosity if I ask you, whether it be the fashion in this country to

wear such a habit as she has on. Though it becomes her exceedingly well, there seems something singular in it. The Knight of Alcantara pleasantly smiling, answered, I will satisfy you upon that head in few words; the history of that dress may not be unpleasing to you.

You must know that I was once violently in love with the Marchioness of Almonda, and wasted some years in a fruitless pursuit of her. At last she married another. Upon which I retreated into the country, to divert the thoughts of her with

rural

rural amusements. One evening as I was walking along the borders of the river near my house, I met a brother Celestin. I accosted him, and we entered into discourse. He told me the Abbess of the Ursulines had given him an apartment in a pavilion belonging to the monastery, he being a relation of hers.

I found his conversation so entertaining that I took a particular pleasure in it. I frequently met him at the same place, and often brought him home with me. I made him chuse a particular apartment for

himself; and he sometimes lay in it. When he was with me he employed all means to divert me. He sung, he played on the lute and spinette and other instruments. I was perfectly charmed with my good fortune in meeting with so agreeable a companion. It happened that about a year after my first meeting with him, two of my cousins, one called Florinda, the other Isabella, came to stay a little time with me. These Ladies chancing to go into a grotto in one of my orange groves, who should they find there but the Celestia fast asleep.

asleep. The collar of his habit was open, and underneath it they beheld a white silk vesture embroidered, which served to conceal the bosom of a woman. They stole away without waking her, and came and told me the discovery they had made. I went with them to see the wonder, not having the least suspicion, who she might be. At length she awakened and seemed in the utmost confusion. Madam, said I, be not troubled at this event, there are none here but who love and admire you. I find, said she, it is in vain to think

of concealing myself any longer, or with blushes to hide the cause of my disguise. I am Monimia de Belvadilla, Countess of Chinchon. She paused, and then proceeded to tell me that she had taken a liking to my person, when I was in love with the Marchioness, and that she had put on that disguise in order to introduce herself to me, to charm away my melancholy and make me forget Almonda; adding, that the Abbess of the Ursulines, her aunt, had contributed to her design. You may easily imagine that the friendship I had conceived

ceived for her, when I thought her a Celestia, was soon changed into tenderness and love. I threw myself at her feet, and in the most ardent terms endeavoured to express the grateful sentiments of my heart for her goodness, which I told her I thought the most perfect love on my part, could never repay. I led her by the hand into the house, Isabella and Florinda attending us; and before they went away they had, as they desired, the satisfaction to see us married. When she is here at my seat, she will always wear the dress you be-  
hold

hold her in; the reason she gives for it is, because, in some sort, it resembles that habit in which she engaged my friendship and affection.

I was much pleased with this relation, and once more felicitated the Knight on his good fortune. We spent the day with him, and when we proposed to return to our inn he would not suffer us to go away, but insisted upon our lying at his seat, till we should set forward.

The next day he took us to see the abbey of the Ursulines where Donna Monimia's aunt was abbess.

The

The abbey stood on a hill about two miles from the Knight of Alcantara's seat. These nuns may quit the veil at the end of every two years, if they are inclined to enter into the world and marry.

That day being a grand festival of their order, we were entertained in the church with a choir of vocal and instrumental music. After the service was over, the nuns went to their repast. We had likewise a well furnished table with the director of the monastery. Then we were conducted into a room thirty feet long

long at least, and twenty broad. On one side of the room were large windows, that had parafols, and looked upon the garden; on the other side was a gilt grate that run the whole length of the room; and behind it was the abbess with the nuns. The abbess was a little woman about sixty, she was distinguished from the rest by a gold cross embroidered on her breast, and had the look of a woman of quality. She ordered sweetmeats and wines of several sorts to be set out to us; and made the nuns shew us divers kinds of works,

embroidery, rich network, paintings in miniature, all done by themselves.

In one of these nuns in particular I found wherewithal to entertain my sight and attention; she was a beautiful Brunette. Her eyebrows were raised in an arch a little higher than what is usual, which gave a look of sweetest innocence to two eyes as black and bright as jet, though their lustre did not appear in its height, for she looked dejected. Upon my making the Knight observe her, that nun, said he smiling, is going in a month's

month's time to be married to the son of a grandee. What makes her look dejected is the fear she is in lest the King should punish her lover for running away from his duty to see her; he being one of the chief pages of the royal chamber. The King sent an order the other day for him to return to court, now at Medina Sidonia. She is but sixteen, and her future husband but two years older. I fancy, said I, we met the messenger you speak of on our road: He enquired of us if we had seen a young gentleman drest in white velvet, with a black

fatten

fatten cloak, and a black fatten hat bordered with a gold Point d'espagne. That was the very youth, replied the Knight.

We took leave of the abbess about six o'clock, when she went to choir, and returned with Don de Molina. He and Donna Monimia pressed us so politely and so engagingly that we stayed a week with them. Afterwards they were so obliging as to go with us to Seville.

Seville is of a circular form about eight miles in circumference, encompassed with an old wall, and

an-

antique towers, the streets narrow for sake of shade, but well built. It is the see of an arch-bishop, whose revenues amount to thirty thousand pounds a year. No town abounded more in wealth than this in the last age, when all the treasures of America were brought hither up the Guadaluquivir, but the city of Cadiz, where the galleons rendezvous at present, comes in now for a share in this rich traffic. The situation of this town on the fine river of Guadaluquivir, and in one of the most beautiful and extensive plains in Europe,

Europe, render it a very delightful abode, especially as the evenings here are usually serene, and invite all people to take the fresh air in the neighbouring fields and gardens, which abound in a variety of fine flowers and fruits, in almost every season of the year. It was the seat of the Gothic Kings, and afterwards the capital of the most considerable Moorish Kings, and the cathedral was originally a Moorish mosque, and one of the most magnificent structures in Spain.

Here the third day after our arrival Cœurleon joined us. He told us

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that the Marquess of Coimbra, had persuaded old Don Osuna to be reconciled to the lovers, upon condition that no dower should be required. To which Don Silvio had readily consented.

I presented Cœurleon to the Knight of Alcanṭara and his Lady, and the next day, having procured an elegant Voiture, with horses and sumpter mules we set out for Madrid, where we purposed to stay sometime.

*The End of the First Part.*







